

THE GLEANER



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GLENER

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NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL AND
JUNIOR COLLEGE

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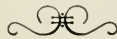
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DEDICATION

This first Junior College issue of THE GLEANER is dedicated to the memory of the late Dr. W. Albertson Haines, Sr., whose death came as a shock to most of the students at The National Farm School and Junior College.



THE NATIONAL
FARM SCHOOL

The Forty-Niners

Today in a world racked by the repercussions of war, a group of young men is in the act of making history. Most of these men have left the city to begin a way of life which is more desirable to them. A group of men is making history. And *We* are that group.

We are forty-niners, the first class to attend the Junior College of The National Farm School.

There are many traditions left us by the former students of the school; traditions which have made The National Farm School famous throughout the land for its standards of education in the practical as well as the theoretical fields of agriculture.

It is our solemn duty not only to uphold these traditions, but to make the name of The National Farm School and Junior College synonymous with honor, knowledge, and integrity.

As earlier classes have set a standard for us, so must we set a goal for those who will follow us. We know that human lives, as well as plant and animal lives, will one day depend upon us. It shall be our responsibility to appreciate our role in society, and to prepare ourselves well for our task.

We have the basic equipment here at Farm School with which to accomplish our objectives. We have new laboratories, a fine library, and proven fertile farms. But, most important, we have the will to succeed in our undertaking. For we have the conviction that the farmer's way of life is the only way of life for us.

We, the forty-niners, must not fail Farm School as it begins its fifty-first year. We must not fail ourselves. So we go on to forty-nine—onward toward our goal! Onward, National Farm School and Junior College.



PRESIDENT JAMES WORK

Snapped in An Informal Pose on the Campus

THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

FARM SCHOOL . . . BUCKS COUNTY . . . PENNSYLVANIA

OFFICE OF THE
PRESIDENT

IN WELCOMING the first class to the College, the entire Faculty and Staff cannot help but feel a very deep sense of responsibility and at the same time a great pride in knowing that we are part and parcel with you in a great adventure in education. You are truly the Class of Destiny. I feel that you men are on the threshold of an undertaking that is very nearly of the stature of the undertaking when the Founder welcomed the first class to The National Farm School a half century ago.

Our growth to the position of a Junior College has been normal, and we take pride that we are progressing with the times. Upon you depends in a large part the success of our venture. The College Administration and Staff will never lose sight of the fact that the entire institution, the classes, the laboratories, campus, farms, and everything of a personal or material nature, is here purely as a means to an end. The end is the real education of the student. The education of the student is the only logical reason for our existence. I prefer to look upon our faculty, and our facilities, merely as instruments which we shall use to accomplish our end, and no more, regardless of the prestige of the individual or the beauty of the physical plant.

Controversies rage continually among those educators of different philosophies in respect to the numerous programs for education. Our program is simply to equip you with the skills and techniques and specialized knowledge which will make it possible for you to become successful in the line in which you specialize, to impart to you such teachings as may assist you to become cultured, well-rounded citizens in a world which is changing daily, and to strengthen your bodies, your inner resources, your character, to the end that you may become strong men, physically, mentally, and morally.

How well you absorb the knowledge offered, and take advantage of the opportunities presented, is dependent not wholly upon you men, but in a great measure upon the inspiration you receive from us. We shall put forth every effort to do our part and look to you to be receptive to the greatest possible degree. We must travel this road together for the next three years and my greatest desire is to see you all here to be graduated in 1949.

—JAMES WORK

W. ALBERTSON HAINES, SR. (1880-1946)

Dr. Haines was a man who endeared himself to the students of Farm School through his humor and kindness. We feel certain that his memory will live long in the hearts of the boys who knew him.

Dr. Haines came up the "hard way." The son of a Quaker family, he was born in Moorestown, N. J., in 1880. In true traditional form he attended a one-room school house, helping his parents on their dairy farm in the spring, summer, and fall. After completing the courses at the school, he remained on the farm for several years assisting his parents.

Dr. Haines was graduated from the Veterinary School at the University of Pennsylvania in 1907 as a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine.

As a citizen of Bristol township, and a member of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, he was instrumental in organizing the first Bucks County Farm Bureau, which is now known as the Bucks County Agricultural Extension Service.

Dr. Haines was also a member of the State Legislature for eight successive terms. During this period he held important positions on committees dealing with Agricultural problems. He was the sponsor of a bill granting the first adequate appropriation to farmers whose cattle were slaughtered in the program to rid Pennsylvania of bovine tuberculosis. In 1931 Dr. Haines helped to introduce a bill leading to the establishment of the State Milk Control Board, which aided farmers suffering in the midst of the depression.

It was through Dr. Haines' untiring efforts that the hemlock became the official State tree of Pennsylvania.

We, the editors of THE GLEANER, believe that the greatest tribute the students of the National Farm School and Junior College could pay to the man and his memory would be the planting of a hemlock grove in his honor.

—THE EDITORS

THE FOX HUNT

or

Who Won't Sit Near Whom at Mealtime?

We hear a blare of bugles and the barking of dogs. The crimson-clad gentlemen mount their steeds and the hunt is on. After the din has died down, and the dust has settled, we see a lone figure trudging along the dusty path toward the poultry range. We know not the name of this Man among Men, except that he would bet his eye-teeth or his upper bridge that cockerels make good layers. Over his shoulder he has slung heavy artillery, a 16-gauge shotgun. Upon his arrival at the poultry range, he takes up a strategic position, and awaits his prey: the grey fox, the death dealer among our flocks.

We look upon our brave hunter, as he lies prostrate and asleep, awaiting the arrival of the fox.

Now we leave our fearless protector of chickens for a few minutes to get a look at the flock. Suddenly we whirl about. We see our savior running down the path like a bolt out of the blue. Soon he is out of sight. Suddenly a shot rings out.

The air is immediately permeated with a very pungent odor. Our hero emerges from one of the shelters, tired but victorious.

He shouts triumphantly, "Let us rejoice, I have slain the fox." We gaze at him dumbfoundedly (while very demurely holding our noses). Our killer of beasts had mistaken a peppermint pussy (skunk) for a fox, and caused a minor revolution among the chickens. They're now striking for better living conditions.

—JACK GREENBERG



FARMERS' DAWN

On misted hill by sparkling run,
The world is tinted grey.
As nature beckons to the sun,
The farmer starts his day.

The sun's gold halos distant hills,
The grey world fades away.
The wild birds greet with magic trills,
The renaissance of day.

—HAROLD SILVERMAN

The Prophet's Prediction

On the morning of July 19, 1946, the greater part of the class of '49 received with varying reactions the somewhat shocking intelligence that with the dropping of the atomic bomb we would all be disposed of in a manner calculated to make the stoutest heart tremble and the firmest hand quiver.

Our own Mr. Henry Schmieder, who is best known perhaps for his arguments *pro* bee-keeping and *anti* dairying, was the source of this startling information.

According to Mr. Schmieder, the bomb would, by a chain reaction, decompose all the water, first in the Pacific, and then in the Atlantic. The chlorine in the salt would gas all the earth's population, while the sodium would decompose even more water. All persons and things escaping the deadly gas would be carried away by the torrential rains which would be the natural result of having two oceans hovering above the earth.

Needless to say, panic was widespread among the students.

The tension grew as the time for the test approached. Boys off for week-ends said tearful goodbyes to their parents, fully convinced that never again would they see them in this world.

Several days before the test, it was rumored that Mr. Schmieder had cornered the market on gas masks and water wings. Then, even before the bomb fell, it began to rain. Students who saw Mr. Schmieder furtively carrying bits of wood and adhesive tape away predicted that he was building a Schmeider's Ark. These suspicions were heightened when the bees began to fly two by two.

Finally, on the morn of the fateful day, students stumbled about with bloodshot eyes, peering here and there for a word of encouragement. Only Jack Greenberg, the Bronx' gift to Farm School, felt competent to argue with the "bee master." At 5:30 P.M. vets could be seen digging foxholes, foxes could be seen digging bomb shelters, and no one else could be seen doing anything.

The rest, my friends, is history. I will simply say that the only possible reason why the fish in the oceans are not dead and gone is that they weren't at Farm School to hear "The Prediction."

—HAL SILVERMAN



THE EARTH'S GOLD

We have read of the deeds attributed to those pioneers and the trials and tribulations undergone by them; those rustic beings who were known as the "Forty-niners." They traveled westward. From New York, Boston, Atlanta, Pittsburgh and Detroit, they traveled westward. They went by ox-cart, buggy, horseback, and on foot, ever westward to the land of the golden nugget.

There were, however, others who traveled westward at that time—the men and women who would take from the soil a different sort of gold. The pioneer farmers went together, mined not gold, but a harvest of gold which was not procured with the help of the pickaxe and pan, but the

(Continued on page 27)

CAMPUS QUESTIONNAIRE

Conducted by SOL RESNICK and ALFRED HASS

QUESTION: In your opinion, what problems face the farmer at present?

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since this material was prepared, O.P.A. bill passed in modified form.*)

ANSWERS:

Charles Wollins, Long Island

The farmer faces the problem of getting the same fair returns now as he got during the war. Because of the war there was an increase in the number of insects and blights, as science could not fight them. Competition from large-scale farms may drive the small farmer out of business. Easier loans with lower interest rates should be granted so that he can operate on a larger scale. At present it is difficult to get loans, and he needs them.

David Deming, Long Island

Well, I don't believe the average farmer has a financial problem at present. He is doing better now than he ever has before. Getting rid of surplus food can be done if handled right and sent to Europe. The O. P. A. was a problem but isn't any more, because now he can raise his prices. Of course machinery will cost more, but I think that he can cover that by getting more money for his food. Present prosperity can be maintained for at least another three years. Then the biggest problem will be a depression, which most likely will occur unless some changes are made.

Walter Weinstein, Greenwich, Connecticut

One problem is that the farmer needs machines and feed and he can't get them. He will have to pay higher prices for things he needs now that the O. P. A. has been repealed. I don't think that the large commercial farms are any more of a problem now than they were before. The farmer is making good money now, but I don't think he should expand his business, for the inevitable fall of prices is bound to come, and then he'll be stuck with surplus products.

Saul Goldstein, Newark, New Jersey

One of the greatest problems done away with is the O. P. A., which was a hindrance to him in the selling of his crops. Goods, such as machinery, now have risen in price but now the farmer will be able to buy these goods. There are larger markets now because of the demand for his produce. Up to the present he was restricting output because he couldn't get a price for his produce. Veterans are no problem because a lot of them are thinking in terms of agriculture, and they can get land easily with Government help. This increase in farms will not lead to cut-throat competition. The farmer shouldn't expand but get the most out of what he has. If the farmer wants to expand, he should wait until conditions become steady. No, I can't see too many problems facing the farmer at present.

Howard Schrupf, Camden, New Jersey

I think the biggest problem is government intervention. The government tells you too much what to grow and what not to grow. At present the market will increase, but in the future it will drop. I think it will be worth while for the farmer even though there will be a drop. Foreign competition will be no problem, although there will be some competition from home. There should be more farmer co-operation and less Government interference. I don't know much about politics, but there should be more "laissez-faire."

BOMBER'S MOON

The great metropolis was enshrouded in blackness and as I sauntered down Leicester Square in the direction of Picadilly Circus, the only lights one could see were those of the cafes and pubs which emitted whenever the blackouts were pulled aside for entrance or for exit. Yes, London was blacked out in its entirety, except for the pale rays of moonlight that descended on the city. A full moon—a glaring moon—a bomber's moon.

As I made my way toward the American Eagle Club, I realized it was nearly nine P.M. The Luftwaffe's sky train was due at nine sharp. Oh yes, that I knew from past experience, for the Jerry bombed London with clockwork precision each day at ten A.M., four P.M., and nine P.M. So I hurried along my way as best I could in the darkness, to reach the club before the alert sounded.

Suddenly a wailing, shrieking blast pierced the stillness of the night—the sirens of London sounding the warning of enemy bombers overhead. The eerie wail sent cold shivers up and down my spine, but at the same time rooted me to the spot where I was standing. I gazed up at the moonlit sky and looked towards the Thames Estuary, and there in the moonlight I could see hundreds of winged monsters of destruction—Dorniers, Junkers, and others, all bent on the task of destroying London, all of England, and all of the democracies of the world.

Words cannot express the feeling I had as I stood there looking at those bombers, itching to destroy them, yet powerless to do one atom of damage to them. Soon they were nearer; the first ones were at the Thames, flying over the houses of Parliament. The defense units had turned on the searchlights and were holding some of the bombers in the rays, while the anti-aircraft guns belched their fire up at the planes.

The defense was hopelessly inadequate, not enough ack-ack guns and shells, not enough night fighters to go up and do battle with the bombers and their escorts. So there was only one thing to do—take it! And take it we did. For one solid hour bombs rained mercilessly down on London town, especially over in Lambeth and Clapham—and as I stood there near Picadilly, I could see the fires flaring up all over south London. A few of the Nazi bombers tried to bomb the Parliament buildings, but fortunately they missed and the bombs dropped into the Thames River, doing no damage.

As quickly as the blitz had started, so did it end. Their bombs all gone, the Jerries turned tail and flew back to their dromes in France, after which the all-clear was sounded and the people of London, licking their wounds bravely and cheerfully, doused the fires, tended the hurt and started to clear the rubble and prepare for the morrow. Death had come and gone, but London and its brave people smilingly greeted the dawn with the fortitude and cheer that has gained world renown.

—D. L. LAMM

THE CYNIC'S CORNER

Now that the rains have stopped, the trek to the dining room is no more a problem of marine navigation, and has become the usual ten-mile hike. While this doesn't bother the new students, since they are full of irrepressible spirits, the worn and decrepit one-year men suffer mightily. But lo, there are always the succulent steaks, lobster Newburgh, Crêpes Suzettes, and, last but not least, the incomparable creamed pheasant and mushrooms with a slightly chilled bottle of Sauterne to draw us unto our goal. The chef, Francois Callé, presides over the establishment.

* * * * *

It is rumored that in an I. Q. test conducted at the poultry department of Morons University by Professor Ftchzk (pronounced Ftchzk) the results were as follows:

Kasan	AB over Sigma
Spanier	Minus Sigma over Omicron
Rupert	Lambda Pi
Sklar	Minus Phi Mu over Eta times Nu

The chickens showed a much better average, but this was due to their voracious consumption of the brain food, fish meal. Professor Ftchzk claimed that while the poultry department students could not qualify as assistants to Albert Einstein, they were well qualified to enter Congress.

* * * * *

After a visit to the garden, located near the new brooder, I was impressed by the vigorous growth of the wild carrots, orchard grass, and Canadian Thistle. However, quite a few weeds like sweet corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, and eggplants detract from the orderly scene and are taking away nourishment much needed by the luxuriant growth mentioned above. This deplorable condition should be brought to the attention of Messrs. Chachkin and Distelman, who should remove those obnoxious weeds.



WANTED

One hundred extra students to purchase surplus candy, ice cream, sodas, etc., to help a destitute young man working (?) his way through college. Apply to the canteen, National Farm School and Junior College, Farm School, Pa. Ask for Mr. Kasan, Esquire.

Note: No Confederate currency accepted.

—BERNARD KASAN

(Ed. Note:

The editors of this publication were forced to accept the previous paragraph, since they are twenty-five cents in debt to the author (?) of this article for frozen Milky Ways eaten during the month of July.)

FARM REVIEW

GENERAL AGRICULTURE

For a boy who's been on a farm only four days in his life, working with horses in General Agriculture is a new experience. The work I do isn't much. In fact, you might say it's tedious. But to a city slicker, it's a new world. After being hemmed in a city, flanked by dirty sun-excluded streets and subways packed like sardines during rush hour, I cannot help but have a feeling of joy and exaltation. To watch the setting of a sun over a golden wheatfield or cows grazing in a pasture is a sight not enjoyed by many people.

But one does not just sit and watch sunsets. Here you also have to work. Living close to the soil is not given lip service at Farm School. Here it's practiced. Work has its joys and also its dirt. My details certainly show that. "What are they?" you ask. Oh, just clean out some horse stalls and feed the horses. You grab a manure fork and pick up the dirty straw and put in clean bedding. And sometimes you curry the horses too. To most people that's just farm chores and I'll probably give it the same name soon. But just the same, I enjoy doing it. When I'm finished with my chores, I have a feeling of satisfaction at having learned something new. Unlike most boys at this school I haven't spent a summer on a farm. I'm a greenhorn and so everything I do is something I never knew before. Each little thing accomplished means something else learned. At first I was scared to go near a horse, but after a while I got used to him. Or perhaps he grew used to me. The difference isn't important; it was another obstacle I had hurdled.

And in your own field you continue on and on. Each day you do something else. Here's a hay mower and here's how it works. Watch. And you watch and wonder. What causes that small wheel to turn? What causes the reciprocating action of the blades? How does it move? With these questions prodding your mind, you can't rest. And so you start taking the machine apart. The parts are tossed on the floor as you continue your endless search for the answer to the whys and wherefores of a hay mower. And if you can't put it together again, there's no problem. Pretty soon it'll be four o'clock and time for athletics. That's a good excuse. Let the instructor put it together. He knows how. Sometimes such a situation occurs and sometimes it doesn't. Here was one time it didn't, for we put it together again. Yes sir, we learned a lot about a mower. We ground the blades, knocked them in and out again just for the sake of learning how. Most likely our teacher grimaced with pain as he saw us wrecking his machine. But I'm sure that deep down inside he was smiling.

And so continues each day. Each day something new. Each day a new horizon.

—ALFRED HASS

POULTRY REVIEW

Well, I've spent a week at feeding, watering, culling, and even killing chickens.

I've collected, cleaned, candled, sorted, and packed eggs.

I've met three of the grandest fellows any poultry student has ever met. (And I have met quite a few.)

Introducing:

Mr. Crigger, our Poultry teacher;

Mr. Ray Rice, his chief assistant; and

Mr. Irwin Culp, his chief assistant.

I've even come to the conclusion that listening to them might even lead me to that dark and dangerous path fraught with pitfalls, leading to that glorious end, EDUCATION.

But, seriously, we have a good staff and I'm quite sure that all of you will really like them.

There is a bit of hard work and part of that is removing you know what from the roosts and floors of the various coops. They have to be cleaned and sprayed with disinfectant to prevent the spread of any possible disease to the new pullets soon to occupy the laying house pens.

There are quite a few types of pullet raising used on the farm. Some pullets are raised in batteries, some in the new brooder, and some on the range.

You'll have a chance to study each type thoroughly and use the type you like best when you start farming.

Well, fellows, the only other thing I'd like to add is that when you're on Poultry detail, the editors would appreciate your contribution telling us how you like the way our Poultry Plant is run, giving comments and opinions you'd like to make public.

—JACK AARONS



HORTICULTURE

National Farm School and Junior College
Farm School, Pa.

Dear Mother and Dad,

The next time you come to visit me I'd like you to stand at the station for a few minutes, after the train goes by, and gaze over to your left a little. There you will find an orchard. A peach orchard to be exact. There are approximately eleven acres, or about twelve hundred trees. Among these, to mention a few of the better varieties, are the Elberta, Golden Jubilee, Red Rose, Triogem, Afterglow, Cumberland, and Sun High. Several of these come from the State of New Jersey. Peach trees are planted every two years, so that, as one section grows too old, another will just begin to bear fruit. The oldest trees in the orchard at the present time are about twenty years old; the youngest were just planted this past April.

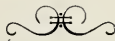
Peaches have to be cared for at the proper time or the crop may be lost. They must be sprayed, thinned, and the grass kept from between the rows. Mr. Purmell, head of the Horticulture Department at Farm School, considers fruit growing both a science and an art.

At Farm School we have one hundred and eight peach trees to an acre, as compared with twenty-seven apple trees to an acre. And, speaking of apple trees, if you will turn to your right a little you will find off in the distance our main apple orchard. There is an apple lane through our peach orchard, and also a few trees along the lane that leads to the main orchard. There are about thirty-five acres of apples, including the Stayman Winesap and Stark Delicious varieties. They are considered not only an eating apple, but a good all around apple as well. Apple trees also have to be sprayed and kept in the best of condition, as the pests are still quite harmful.

So if you will keep these facts in mind, I am sure you will see something worth looking at. And later on, when we have the time, I will be glad to show you through the orchards. Until next week, then, I remain

As always,

Your son,
LEROY PORTER



WAITER'S DETAIL

The bell rings, and in rushes a pack of hungry students and a few teachers. No worry about the teachers, because they eat only a few mouthfuls. Now the students keep us running back and forth for more food. They must have hollow legs.

The present kitchen staff thinks that the waiter's job isn't too bad. The chef and his helpers are very co-operative. We only have a few jobs: setting tables and waiting on tables.

The meals the chef cooks are very good. All the vegetables are fresh and wholesome.

There is one reason we all finish fast and at the same time. This reason can be put into one word: co-operation. We all help each other in setting tables and then in serving the tables. Everyone finishes much faster working together.

Waiting on tables is one of the easier necessary details.

—HAROLD SCHRUMPF

DAIRY NEWS

SPITFIRE

The National Farm School and Junior College has recently become part-owner of an outstanding Holstein bull, Osborndale Spitfire 760645.

Spitfire was bred at Osborndale, breeders of several Gold Medal bulls, and was purchased from Charles Stroh, Suffield, Conn. The joint owners, in addition to NFSJC, are Mr. James Work, Rushland, and Mrs. Margery Jones, Washington Crossing. The bull is being housed at Mrs. Jones' farm, and his services in the three herds are by artificial insemination.

He is a son of Osborndale Sir Johanna Ragapple and Osborndale Piebe Hilda. His dam, Hilda, produced, at 5½ years of age, 26,510 pounds of milk testing 4.1%. His sire, Sir Johanna, is a double grandson of the great Johanna Ragapple Pabst, who once sold for \$15,000.

Spitfire is a proven sire, his first six daughters having first calf records on 3X (milked three times a day) averaging 549 pounds of fat from 14,576 pounds of milk, 3.8%, at an average age of 2 years, 7 months. He has sons in several well-known herds, including Osborndale Duke Ormsby Spitfire at Hillsdale, N. Y., and Osborndale Ormsby Spitfire at Portlandville, N. Y.

In addition to his proven ability to transmit high production with high test, Spitfire is tops in type, having recently been officially classified Excellent.

Members of the Class of '49 who are interested in finding out how his daughters in this herd will produce will have to come back as alumni, since his first daughters in this herd will just about be getting ready to start on their first lactations when the present class graduates.

—DR. AARON APPLEBY



BIRTH OF A CALF

After watching a calf being born, I was struck with the thought that I had seen life take form. I think I shall always remember Dr. Appleby calling me over to the maternity barn and saying that the calf was being brought into the world. I saw it inhale its first breath of air.

As soon as the calf was born, I saw the mother rise and clean her offspring. This I knew as the feeling a mother has for her young, a quick instinctive feeling of protection that will defy anyone or anything that might be threatening.

I had seen life emerge from a living thing. I had seen an example of what has kept our world moving since life first took form. I felt very proud and happy.

—DAVID MILLER

WARMING THE BENCH

Athletics has always played a major part in Farm School life. The class of '49 reflected this tradition when, from its first week here, it participated in campus ball games: baseball, touch football, and volleyball. We're having a lot of fun.

We even played golf. Most of us handled woods, irons, and putters for the first time. Perhaps if we have some potential Bobby Jones or Sam Wood develop, the landscape men or the demon fence-post diggers of the Dairy Department may be urged to build a course here at the School. Only this course wouldn't have a Nineteenth Hole. We already have the country club atmosphere.

* * * * *

Purple heart division: A stellar athlete and popular faculty member suffered from a split digit while fielding a hard-hit grounder. Other recent casualties include: a mangled proboscis, another strained pinkie, a split toe, and one broken set of spectacles. Yes, we're having a lot of fun.

* * * * *

Here's the big news! Coach Bernard "Butch" Emil stated in an exclusive interview with this department that sufficient football material is available on the campus to create a team worthy of N. F. S. and J. C. Every student will have an equal chance to earn a berth on the squad. Come one, come all. Even the Bench Warmer is a potential football player.

* * * * *

Flash! Intercollegiate baseball and basketball competition begins next spring and fall. The baseball team won't train in Florida, unless perhaps a local chapter of the Baseball Guild is courageous enough to introduce the issue. No major league team has as good a "farm system" as N. F. S.—so there's no reason why our farm hands shouldn't all be sluggers.



Do you know the NFS football motto—FIGHTING HEARTS—WE CAN'T BE BEAT?

* * * * *

The Bench Warmer now presents the 1946 Varsity football schedule:

October 12	University of Delaware, Jr. Varsity	Home
October 19	Stevens Trade School	Home
October 26	Mastbaum Vocational School	Home
November 2	Stroudsburg Teachers, Jr. Varsity	Home
November 9	Farmingdale Agricultural School	Home
November 23	Williamson Trade School	Home

—EDDIE TURNER

First Peach Festival Delights

Terpsichorean Farmers!

NFS and JC unfolded its green and gold foliage and the first peach festival was under way at Lasker Hall on the memorable evening of August 17. Great lovers were decked out in Glen plaids, camel hairs, tweeds, and gabardines; their partners, streamlined twentieth century mademoiselles, appeared in gingham plaids and summery white and flowered frocks.

Highlight of the evening, of course, was the coronation of the Peach Queen. The royal red velvet chair was graciously filled by our Queen, Miss June Thompson, of North Phillipsburg, New Jersey. Her maid of honor was Princess Nan Goldstein, of Jamaica, New York.

Decorations featured an arbor of green in the center of the floor, baskets of peaches throughout the room, peach tree limbs, and palms waving gracefully on the platform.

Spotted on the floor: Chuck Raskin, the great lover, with sly Dave Miller in tow . . . Great lover "Romeo" Rabinowitz, all wrapped up in a white ball of cellophane . . . Al Goodman, who believes in variety, after each fifteen minute romance . . . Our handsome brute of a man, Dave Lamm, followed by a group of Philly Canteen debutantes . . . Of course, we mustn't forget our faithful buddy, always there to give a helping hand: Jack Aarons . . . Turner, watch that stuff . . . Mother Goldstein nursing, not the team this time, but a bevy of beauties from the great city of Newark, New Jersey . . . That young lad of Farm School, Mr. Samuel B. Samuels, was doing a mean Lindy Hop. Yeah man! . . . A hepcat couple, Mr. and Mrs. "Butch" Emil, were doing a Brooklyn Lindy . . . We're sorry that Mr. Elson was disqualified as a jitterbug contestant . . . Our congratulations will be forthcoming in the next issue . . . Cheering section was supplied by our loyal alumnus Rah! Rah! Golden . . . Dr. Bowen illuminated the dance hall with his gleaming smile . . . Whistle-whistle: Is that *Mrs.* Feldstein? . . . Our President has the envy of the student body. Could it be because of Mary and Betty Lou Work?

The student body thanks our dance chairmen for their hard days of feverish activity, and the sleepless nights they undoubtedly spent. Sandler and Bates were in charge of the entertainment program; Klein was room chairman; Weinstein and Spanier, decorating chairmen; Mesteller was program chairman, and Raskin supplied and consumed the refreshments. We also wish to thank the faculty members for the fine co-operation they expressed.

We now look forward to our second Peach Festival.

—JAMES MESTELLER

PRESENTING THE "MUTTS" OF '46

NAME	AGE	RESIDENCE	AMBITION
Jack Aarons	18	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Poultry farmer
Jack Arndt	24	Lisbon Falls, Me.	General farmer and bee keeper
Morty Ballin	18	Bronx, N. Y.	Animal breeder
"Tiny" Bates	19	Reading, Conn.	Dairy farmer
Ben Beck	17	Bronx, N. Y.	Dairy farmer or veterinarian
Hal Colladay	18	Glenside, Pa.	Landscape gardener
Gordon Davis	19	Olney, Pa.	Wholesale florist
Dave Deming	17	Great Neck, N. Y.	Veterinarian
"Bill" DeWald	21	Chicago, Ill.	Herdsman
"Dutch" Godshall	20	East Lansdowne, Pa.	General farming
Saul Goldstein	23	Newark, N. J.	Work for U.S.D.A.
"Al" Goodman	23	Canton, Ohio	Work for U.S.D.A.
Jack Greenberg	19	Bronx, N. Y.	Veterinarian
"Al" Hass	18	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Pioneer in Palestine
Ed Humphreys	18	Plymouth, Pa.	Nursery work
Bill Jasper	21	Havertown, Pa.	Poultry farmer
David H. Lamm	29	Philadelphia, Pa.	Farm in British Columbia
Marvin Klein	23	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Traveling salesman in agriculture
Jim Mesteller	22	Phillipsburg, N. J.	Undecided future
Dave Miller	18	Bronx, N. Y.	Undecided future
Ernie Moumgis	19	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Dairy farmer
Les Noble	18	Collingdale, Pa.	Dairy farmer
"Bud" Pugust	17	Vineland, N. J.	Veterinarian
"Daddy" Porter	18	Prospect, Pa.	Dairy farmer or general farmer
Harvey Rabinowitz	18	Stamford, Conn.	Poultry farmer
Chuck Raskin	18	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Agricultural engineer
Sol Resnick	18	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Research in agriculture
Nathan Sandler	17	Jacksonville, Fla.	Dairy and poultry farmer

PRESENTING THE "MUTTS" OF '46

GENERAL COMMENT

Jack likes to play baseball and dance. One of his hobbies is photography. A big bruiser, he has served three years in the Army in Europe.

This boy just loves dancing. A graduate of an agricultural high school, he knows quite a little about farming.

The name is just the opposite of his size. Believes that marriage is essential to his future happiness.

Ben doesn't talk much when he's being interviewed, but he admitted that he'd like to be a dairy farmer.

There's a girl waiting for this quarterback of our football team.

A three hundred yard dash expert who does gardening in his spare time.

He's a quiet fellow and plays the piano. Listening to music is his hobby.

Here is a guy who was in the Coast Guard for thirty-eight long months and served in the Southwest Pacific. Plays on our football team.

He is one of the few marine vets here. Detests city life.

"Oh, to have a home in California," says this three-year infantry vet who served in Europe.

Built like a gorilla, this three-year vet does a lot of weight lifting, paints, and sketches.

Jack listens a great deal to classical and folk music. Before coming here he attended Brooklyn College.

This boy would like very much to travel, his hobbies are painting, sketching, and classical music.

Ed listens to modern music and is a track man and a basketball player.

The only married man here, Bill is a volunteer fireman in Doylestown. He served with the Army in Europe.

The tallest guy we've ever seen, Dave served five years in the Canadian Army and is waiting for his English girl. Frustrated ambition—opera singer.

From the land of hot dogs and French fries (Coney Island) comes a three-year vet who spent a good part of his Army life in Italy.

Member of the student council. An ex G. I. who enjoys woodworking. His toothy smile is a farm school landmark.

One of Ira's hobbies is architecture, and his favorite sport is bowling.

Les's ideas center around food. He likes chocolate cake and hates stewed tomatoes.

Here is another of our quarterbacks, and will be a candidate for the baseball squad next season.

LeRoy is a cross country track man.

"Alamo" is a map maker, man of letters, humorist, and hunter.

A candidate for guard on our football team.

His credo: "I dislike people who are of no use to others except themselves."

"Rebel" wants to marry a fine southern gal and raise a large family.

PRESENTING THE "MUTTS" OF '46

NAME	AGE	RESIDENCE	AMBITION
Mac Schirmer	22	Philadelphia, Pa.	Undecided future
Howie Schrumph	17	Merchantville, Pa.	Dairy farmer
Norman Schwartz	17	Vineland, N. J.	Veterinarian
Jim Sheaffer	21	Springfield, Pa.	Truck farmer
Stanley Shore	21	Atlantic City, N. J.	Undecided future
Hal Silverman	18	Woodmere, N. Y.	Agricultural research and genetics
"Fritz" Staebble	20	Southampton, Pa.	Undecided future
John Turn	23	Bushkill, Pa.	Poultry farmer
Eddie Turner	19	Brooklyn N. Y.	Veterinarian
Walt Weinstein	18	Greenwich, Conn.	Undecided future
Charles Wollins	21	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Undecided future
Chick Ginsburg	19	Philadelphia, Pa.	Undecided future
Bob Miller	19	Fox Chase, Pa.	Dairy or general farmer



PRESENTING THE "MUTTS" OF '46

GENERAL COMMENT

A big fellow is Mac, a fellow who served three years with Uncle Sam. His strange hobby is making words out of elongated thin figures, which are in reality letters.

Norman likes to work with animals and doesn't like crowded places.

Another three-year veteran who served in the European theater of operations.

Stan was a sailor for two years and nine months, is a radio fan and plays the guitar.

Hal would like to write and his favorite hobby is photography.

"Fritz" likes to work with horses and does a lot of hunting.

Here we have another guy who was in the Navy. He was there three years and ten months, part of the time on a carrier.

Sports editor for the Gleaner and an avid Yankee fan, Ed longs to go back to Oklahoma.

Walt has many athletic interests and likes to paint in oils.

Two favorite sports of his are tennis and weight lifting. A hot drummer, Chuck was a soldier for three years.

Chick is a graduate of Germantown H. S., where he studied mechanical arts. He wants to play basketball.

The only representative of the maritime service in the school, Bob plays the guitar and has been heard on the radio with the Prairie Pals. He likes rodeo work.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF WEIGHT LIFTING

Every man, weak or strong, small or big, young or old, can lift weights. If you want to build a body with plenty of power and packed with energy, become interested in the art of weight lifting. Unless something is radically wrong with you, a body of magnificent proportions can be built.

The wonderful thing about weight lifting is that all you have to spend is fifteen minutes a day of practice. And you can participate in this activity most of your life. The only requirement is a little conscientious effort on your part. You've heard the saying, "the more you put into something, the more you'll get out of it." This is true in weight lifting. I've seen scrawny men build themselves a body of power and proportion that would make any other man envy them. Some of the strongest men have built themselves into powerful, dynamic specimens because they had the determination behind their exercising.

Of course, weight lifting alone will not give you the loose body of an athlete. Supplementary to this activity you should participate in other sports and have a well-rounded athletic program. Many of our outstanding athletes today do weight lifting with their regular sport; as a result they have the extra energy and power necessary for perfection in a sport.

Interest in weight lifting in Farm School has grown. A group of students interested in this pastime has been organized and will attempt to build boys in accordance with the best weight lifting procedure.

—CHARLES WOLLINS

Farming Is Pun

Have you heard that—

Students were accosted by two roosters, upon entrance into the big house. Taken completely aback, the students questioned the insubordinate action of the cocks, and were told that the chickens were fighting for better living conditions. They claimed that the “paltry” amount of grub they were getting was just chicken feed. The students scoffed and brushed by. Upon entering the pen, the Women’s Auxiliary branch of the Chickens’ and Roosters’ Benevolent Society was ready for them. They were bombarded by hen grenades. The students were taken by surprise and were forced to retreat. “They claim it was a moral defeat; ah, but we chickens know better, don’t we? Cluck. Cluck.”

Our undaunted instructor, Mr. Bernard M. Crigger, took up the cull to arms. He led our brave brigade in their fight against the chickens. The big house is besieged, and the chickens are expected to raise the white leghorn at any moment. Our war correspondent, a chicken eggspert, predicts that the chickens can last indefinitely, because of the enormous supply of feed in the house.

Let’s hope that he is wrong, and that next time you read your Gleaner the friction between the students and chickens has passed. It had better be! We’re having a devil of a time matching the chickens’ egg production.



Mr. Schmieder’s bees are keeping him buzzy.

Did you know that the consensus of student opinion here at the school feels that bee-keeping “stings”? Your perspiring reporter, on the contrary, feels that it is a “honey” of a business.

First of all, let us “comb” through the pros and cons of bee-keeping, in the manner of Mr. Schmieder. First, con. . . . Now that there are no cons, let us deal with the pros of bee-keeping. First of all, with bees you don’t get “stuck.” It’s a paying proposition. Then again, we need bees. If we didn’t, how would we sweeten our flapjacks (that’s what we call them here)? Mr. Schmeider, I’m for you 100 proof!

* * * * *

Miss Mantz, we have only one complaint to register. Those pancakes, as you call them, are all right. The last batch has served as soles on my shoes for almost a month.

The complaint: they have no durability. Mine wore out yesterday.

—JACK GREENBERG

THE RUIN

Relic of the past, you stand in steadfast glory,
Shrouded in a veil of mystery, who can know your story
Of trees and stars and moonlight nights,
Conquering heroes, battles and fights,
Of love and passion; despair and joy,
The wars with the Trojans, the bloodshed of Troy.

The sobbing wind, the sighing trees,
The mournful owl 'mong rustling leaves,
Shadows that flit within your towers
As the phantom clock tolls creeping hours,
To you I come to lay my head,
To dream of those who now lie dead,
Who knew not of this world today
Where men were born to love and slay.

'Twas not my choosing I was born
In this world of strife and scorn,
'Twixt love and hate; honor and duty,
Where nature alone recaptures beauty,
Where men are fickle and care no more
For those of the past and the tales of yore.

August 6, 1941

—D. H. LAMM



MOVIE REVIEW

The Green Years, by A. J. Cronin. Produced by M.G.M.

Stars: Charles Coburn, Tom Drake, Beverly Tyler.

The year is 1900 and the background Scotland. To a family which may be typically Scotch comes a young orphan from Ireland who is of different religion. The picture centers about this young boy and how he is brought up. *The Green Years* shows how the family's attempts to save money lead to stinginess. As the young child grows, he comes under other influences than that of his home: his school, his girl, and his friends. From the environment he has, it is surprising to watch the type of young man he becomes. Ordinarily we would think that mockery from fellow classmates and a hostile foster father would lead him to acquire an inferiority complex. But, instead, he emerges full of self-reliance and well able to face reality. One of the influences which enabled him to succeed was that of his grandfather. Considered by the family to be a worthless drunkard good only for his insurance money when he would die, this old man taught his grandson how to face life and go forward.

Part of the hero's life is spent in a boiler factory in order to earn money for himself. Yet all one would know about the job is that he comes out of the mill dirty and dressed in work clothes. Perhaps the purpose of the picture was not to depict social conditions at the time, but a look into the factory might have shown us the effect such conditions had upon him. Apparently there was no effect. Could work in the factory have been easy?

Compared to other pictures coming out of Hollywood at present, *The Green Years* is excellent. For those who want a serious film which also includes some humor and has very good acting, *The Green Years* is worth seeing.

—ALFRED HASS

Songs and Cheers

GREEN IS THE GLORY OF THE SPRINGTIME

Tune: "John Brown's Body," and "Hurrah for the Red and Blue"
adapted from words by Morris Mitzmain, 1902

Green is the glory of the springtime;
Yellow the harvest and the sunshine.
Blend them together, and their meaning is foretold—
Three cheers for the Green and the Gold.

Then 'ray, 'ray National Farm School—
'Ray for the Green and Gold.
'Ray, 'ray, 'ray, 'ray
'Ray for the Green and Gold.

Farm School has its colors,
And the boys beneath its folds
Will give three cheers for Farm School,
With its colors, Green and Gold.

COLORS OF N. F. S.

(Words and Music by Prof. Drue Allman, 1916)

See that banner floating on high,
As the day dawns brightly.
Colors standing out 'neath the sky—
Farm School's Green and Gold—rah, rah, rah—
As our army marches along
With a joyous shout and song,
We cheer "N. F. S."
N. F. S., rah, rah, hoorah, rah, rah, rah."

Farm School, we cheer for you,
For you, O Farm School, we stand so true.
No matter where we may wander to,
We will fight for Green and Gold, rah, rah, rah—
Long may your name endure,
And may your fame go on for aye!
Oh, here's to brave Farm School
Hip, hip for Farm School—hooray!



ALMA MATER

I

National Farm School, thy praise we'll ever sing
Long shall thy fame in florid accents ring,
Pinioned in splendor may our banners soar,
Green and Gold triumphant evermore.

II

Soon, all too soon, our college joys are gone
Then, with the radiance of the breaking dawn
Ascends our love in loyalty to thee
And mem'ry holds us close eternally.

III

Students arise, shout now with wild acclaim,
Join in the song to Alma Mater's name,
Let not one foe among her ranks be known,
Fealty and love will ever bring us home.

WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU, N. F. S.

(Tune: "Illinois Loyalty")

We're loyal to you, N. F. S.
We're staunch and we're true, N. F. S.
We'll back you to stand against the best in the land,
For we know you have sand, N. F. S.
(Rah, Rah)
So smash that blockade, N. F. S.
Go crashing ahead, N. F. S.
Our team is our strong protection,
Oh boys, for we expect a touchdown from you, N. F. S.

N. F. S. FIGHT SONG

Fight now for Farm School
Speed on across the line,
Lift high the Green and Gold,
Scoring again this time.
RAH RAH RAH
March, March right down the field.
Victory is on the way
Fight, fight and never yield
For we must win today.

ON TO VICTORY

On-ward to Vic-to-ray—
Green and Gold—
Onward to meet the foe—
War-ri-ors bold—
Fight for old Farm School
Smash thru that line—
Show the valor — you are known for
Fight — Fight — Fight.

FOUND A FOOTBALL

Found a football, found a football,
Found a football just now.
Just now found a football, football just now.
Where'd you find it, etc.
Behind the goal-post, etc.
Who put it there, etc.
(Supply name) etc.
How'd he do it, etc.
On a forward*, etc. (*Drop kick, line buck, end run.)

FARM SCHOOL, THE BEST TEAM OF ALL

(Tune: "The Russians Were Rushing the Prussians")

Words by Prof. Drue Allman, 1918)

The place it was Farm School, the county was "Bucks."
The game was about to begin.
Opponents were ready, and Farm School was steady—
Our Boys couldn't keep back a grin—HA, HA!
The wind was just right, and our team full of fight,
When N. F. S. struck up a tune:
"Our team's a wonder with never a blunder,"
"We'll give 'em a ride to the moon!"

Our line was all lined up for battle;
The timekeeper rattled his rattle,
When our team hit that line, 'twas a sight for the blind,
We went through for a "fifty," so nice and so "nifty."
"Good night," said their fullback, "It's over!"
"And I ain't had my hands on the ball! !"
"Gee, the grandstand is hootin', the trees are all rootin' "
"For Farm School, the best team of all! ! !"

MARCHING SONG

(Words and Music by Prof. Drue Allman, 1917)

I've been a traveling through old U. S.
From gay New York to California, and
I've seen a hundred thousand schools, I guess—
In every town and every city,
I've been to "Bethlehem" and "C. H. S."
I've been to "Woodbine" too.
Though they are schools that are mighty fine,
There's but one to whom I'm true.

N. F. S., hooray for Farm School, hip hooray!
The finest in P.A.—the best in U. S. A.,
For no student's heart from you will ever part,
But always loyal be.
We will cheer together, sing forever
Praise to N. F. S. (and while the sun shines)
We'll be true to you and fight for you—
Three cheers for N. F. S.

YELLS

CHEERS

Boom chicka boom, boom chicka boom,

Boom chicka ricka chicka ricka chicka boom.

Sis boom bah—Farm School, rah.
Farm School, Farm School, Rah-Rah-Rah.

Team Team Team

We yell. We yell. We yell like—
Hellickanoo, kanick, kanack,
Hellickanoo, kanick, kanack,
Skin-im-a-rink, skin-im-a-rank
Flippity flop, whose on top.

Team Team Team

Hold—Hold—Green and Gold
Hold—Hold—Green and Gold
Hold—Hold—Green and Gold
HOLD.

N. F. S. Hoo rah (5 times)
(Hold last rah)

Te——am

Te——am

Te——am

N. F. S. Rah——N. F. S. Rah
Hoorah—Hoorah
N. F. S. Rah Rah.

FIGHT

Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Fight!
Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Fight!
Fight! Fight! Fight!

HOORAH, FIGHT

Hoorah, Farm School Fight!
Hoorah, Farm School Fight!
Fight Team! Fight Team!
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Whoopea Team!

COLORS

Green! Gold! Farm School Fight!
Green! Gold! Farm School Fight!
Green! Gold! Fight, Team, Fight.

F - F

F-F-ARM — S-C-HOOL
Farm School (Sung out)
Farm School
Fight, Team, Fight.

Green and Gold, Green and Gold,
These are the colors we uphold.
Whahoorah sis boom bah
National Farm School,
Rah Rah Rah



THE EARTH'S GOLD

(Continued from page 8)

plow and harrow. Their gold was the grain, fruit, vegetables, and livestock which they helped grow by the sweat of their brow. The land they plowed then was fertile and rich.

Through the years, as more and more land was tilled, the value of the soil decreased. The farmer could no longer be just a perspiration-shedding plow jockey; he had to become a practical scientist. He had to know the soil and how to treat it to get best results.

There is always more and more to be learned by those who would make a success of their careers in agriculture. Every day new methods are discovered in connection with better production of the soil.

It is the pioneer of today who has the power in his head and hands to make progressive changes in our field. We, the "Forty-niners" of The National Farm School and Junior College, are a part of the group of planners for agriculture's tomorrow. It is up to us to help carry forward the standards of progress set by those who have come before us. The class of '49 will work to make scientific agricultural progress synonymous with The National Farm School and Junior College.

—MORTON BALLIN

WAITER'S DETAIL II

After undergoing tests that not only tax the mind, but also the physical structure of the human being, and providing you pass, you may become a member of the corps of waiters.

We waiters in our spotless black uniforms are given a special course in the laws of waiting. The course, which formerly took a month before the war, has been accelerated a bit; as a matter of fact, the course now consists of a five-minute speech.

In order to describe a waiter's job I will present to you, my dear reader, a typical day as told us by one of the waiters.

A TYPICAL WAITER'S MEAL

As told to me by David Miller

Usually I am up at 4:30 in the morning. The first thing I do is scrub myself thoroughly, not only with soap, but also with Pestroy. A ten-minute period of exercise, which consists of balancing toothpicks on the ends of my toes, puts me in trim form; and, like a snail out of the shell, I am off for the kitchen.

There is one thing to remember when waiting on tables: be in waiter's clothes and ready for Miss Mantz' inspection by six A.M. I usually take great pains to have my white shirts and green pegged pants pressed. Ties are optional as far as color is concerned, but a light or dark black is required.

All waiters are given micrometers, so that they may have every dish and utensil in their correct position. A deviation of a thousandth of an inch may cost us our position. Joy!

Once the table is set up we stand at our posts, ready to serve you, the highly honored students of National Farm School and Junior College. With shoulders back and stomach in, we are led by Company Sergeant Lamm into our immaculate kitchen. On our silver platters we bring forth to the students a typical breakfast consisting of bacon and eggs or stuffed pheasant. The students begin to eat reluctantly; after all, they are getting tired of eating this sort of thing twice a week. However, the hand-painted chinaware (this week featuring Jane Russell), adds a definite color to the attitude of the students (possibly a famished look). After the main dish, out comes the dessert, for which The National Farm School and Junior College is famous throughout the country. But alas, today we have something we haven't had in a long time, peaches.

The average student leaves the dining table with regret, for it will be several hours before he will again see Jane Russell.

—HARVEY RABINOWITZ



WE NEED THEM ON THE FARM

J. F. WILKINSON

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DURING the war, folks on the farm did everything possible to give our fighting men what they needed to carry on. We worked long, hard hours with a shortage of labor and equipment to produce food and fiber. We bought war bonds, donated to various war fund drives, and kept "the home fires burning," so to speak, in every way possible. We sacrificed things at home and abided by government regulations and rationing programs in the interest of national and international welfare.

We were happy to have the war end and anxious to have our fighting men and women return to our shores. We were repeatedly told that we must win the peace as well as the war, and that is the job now ahead of us. Winning the peace on our farms must not be just an idle phrase or wishful thinking. It calls for progressive action, and just as farming has always been tagged as more or less of an individualistic profession, so our postwar planning may have to be more or less of an individualistic program.

Farming must be looked upon as a profession, not just a job. Rural folks, parents, relatives, and neighbors of the men who went from farms to serve in the armed forces, must treat farming as a business or profession to be sought after, and one which can and does have a desirable future. We must make the men returning from service feel that this is a profession which offers as much, or more, than do those in other fields of endeavor. The ambitious men returning to our farms should be encouraged to take up the profession and carry on the fine work which has been making great strides and which offers the finest as a mode of living.

First of all, we must realize that these sons who are returning are men, not boys. You will note I've referred to them in every case as men. They have taken our boys into the service, but they were thoroughly drilled, trained, thrown upon their own resources and initiative—in many instances with responsibilities greater than many of us face in an entire lifetime—and they came through. Let me remind you, many of the lads who a few years ago you hesitated to entrust with the family flivver have since that time sat at the controls of a three-quarters of a million dollar plane and been responsible in their assignments not only for the lives of their crews but for entire units of our forces. Let us recognize this

change in maturity and development in dealing with these men.

If it is your desire to be relieved of some of the heavy responsibilities of the farm, why not arrange for the returning son to take over? Realizing that he is now a man, work out an arrangement or agreement preferably in writing, whereby G. I. Joe not only takes over managerial responsibilities but figures in the returns and profits of the business. Make him a part of the business, in other words, and in such a way that he can realize returns which will, in a reasonable time, give him a worthwhile equity in the business.

If there is not a place on the home farm for G. I. Joe, let us help him get into operation on a farm under conditions that have a promising future. Some farms we know are too high-priced today for a man with limited capital to work out of in a reasonable time. There are good businessmen in every community whose advice relative to the business possibilities of a farm is sound. Let us not permit these returning men to take on a load of debt which can never under normal course of events be reasonably retired. On the other hand, the cheapest farm is not always the best investment. A farm must be productive in order to provide a worth-while living such as the normal man has a right to expect for himself and his family.

Many successful farm owners today started their farming careers as renters. This has been one of the normal ways of acquiring a farm and a satisfying farm living. Why not help those returning men who choose this means of getting started in farming to do so on a sound business basis. One of the essentials for satisfactory renting arrangements today is a good lease. Sound lease agreements can serve to protect both the renter and owner, and good lease agreements have been drawn up by and can be secured from the farm management departments of our colleges of agriculture. While these leases may not fit all conditions which arise, they will serve well as a guide in almost any case.

Those of us interested in the agriculture of the future, as well as our returning men, want to develop a progressive, yet sound, satisfied, stable farm population. The best way to arrive at this is to strive in every way possible to give farm youth of today a safe, sound business start in their chosen profession — farming.

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